THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple."

In a series of critical speculations, I have blamed Mrs. Radcliffe, for nurturing superstition. In only one paper, her beauties have been praised. But a genius, lofty as hers, will not be propitiated by a single sacrifice. To that brilliant power, one more act of homage must be paid; and then, with certain critical ceremonies, I shall bid adieu to this enchantress, and forsake those abbies, and those courts, which some impatient readers may think have already engrossed too much of my attention.

The minor graces, accompanying the modern romance, were described, and applauded, in that sermon, where the Lay Preacher professedly sought to find out, in the writings of Mrs. Radcliffe, 'acceptable words.' But, from words, we must now ascend to things, and scrutinize that portion of her performances, which includes incident, character, and manners.

In the Romance of the Forest, Adeline, the persecuted damsel of the story, is betrayed into the hands of a creature of Montalt's, a profligate marquis, whose ends are criminal passion, and whose means are desperation and force. Seduced from a forlorn monastery, where she had taken refuge, she is at first cheated with the hope of meeting her lover, but quickly discovers that she is entangled in a net of artifice, and that she shall soon witness the crush of her expectations, perhaps the invasion of her virtue. In a double night of darkness and shades, the hopes of the unhappy lady are as gloomy as the wood, with which she is environed. She anticipates assassination; and being unbound at the foot of a lofty wall, by the ruffian guide, gently resigns herself to what she thinks a fate inevitable. On a sudden, moon-light bursts from a murky sky; a door expands; the saloon of Magnificence, and the decorations of Taste, are discovered; the silvery light of Etruscan lamps is seen, and voluptuous music is heard. Ovid understood the figure, contrast, well; and few poets, either of ancient or latter ages, have employed it so judiciously as this Roman master. Here, Mrs. Radcliffe is a classic. Knowledge of the structure of the human mind leads her to oppose gay images to those of deep melancholy, and to contrast the horrors of imprisonment, and the clash of murdering swords, with the hilarity of a Bacchant, and the quiet repose of pastoral life. Taste furnishes her with ornaments, 'in gay profusion;' and Judgment restrains her from the obscure minuteness of Spenser's allegories, and from the monotony of the Telemachus of Fenelon.

Though this Lady has been charged, by English critics, for describing Nature too much in detail, yet the harshest of them allow she exhibits neither caricatures nor sketches. She is exact and faithful. In attempting to give him, who has never travelled, an idea of the landscapes of Tuscany, and of the 'deserts vast, antres idle, and rough rocks' of the Alps, 'whose heads touch heaven,' she brings to the eye a good likeness of the country. He, from whose walls the pictures of Lorrain are suspended, may behold, amid the December of Norway, the verdure of May, and the effulgence of Summer. He, who counts among his books the romances of Radcliffe, will have no mean knowledge of the castles of feudal times, the vales of Arno, the shores of the Mediterranean, and the magnificence of Venice.

The fantastic images of Ariosto still please the extravagant and the young; Tasso's Rinaldo, in the enchanted wood, is yet viewed with amazement and terror; and the skipping fairies, and moonlight and midsummer scenes of Shakspeare are the delight of the maturest age. Let Mrs. Radcliffe's picture of Venice, the banks of the Brenta, and the shores of the Adriatic, be placed in the gallery of the above great masters, it will not suffer much from the comparison. In the Mysteries of Udolpho, images of gaiety, splendor, festivity, and plenty, occur. You hear the simple music of the gondolier, and the more elaborate strains of the Italian artist. You see the glories of nature, and the finished beauty of art. You feel the tempest of passion, the sufferings of the persecuted, 'the insolence of office,' and the pangs of love, alternately desponding or despised. Look at the narrative of the soldiers of Utaldo, with gleaming arms and gorgeous plumage, and winding along the defiles of the Alps. Survey the sufferings of Emily, the courts of the castle, the groups of St. Marks, and the vagaries of a Carnival, as depicted in this novel, and you will exclaim with the enthusiasm of Correggio,

She also is a painter.

To accuracy of description much praise is due; and that author, who by the happy expression, and the appropriate image, makes you behold, what he has himself either strongly conceived, or frequently witnessed, is justly admired. But this is not among the highest efforts of the mind. He, who, in the nervous expression of the poet, 'dives into men's hearts,' who exhibits the nicer shades of character, and traces the progress of the weaker, as well as of the stronger passions, is not only the most interesting, but the most useful writer. Here, our authoress appears to great advantage. We acknowledge her acquaintance with life, and we thank her for the useful moral lesson she conveys. She is sometimes a faithful Plutarch, and sometimes a sagacious Tacitus. Let a reader, less enthusiastic than the Lay Preacher, examine the seventeenth chapter of the Mysteries of Udolpho, and declare if the following sketch of Montoni and his minions, be not a proof of the assertion.

'Montoni delighted in the energies of the passions; the difficulties and tempests of life, which wreck the happiness of others, roused and strengthened all the powers of his mind, and afforded him the highest enjoyments, of which his nature was capable. Without some object of strong interest, life was to him little more than a sleep; and, when pursuits of real interest failed, he substituted artificial ones, till habit changed their nature, and they ceased to be unreal. Of this kind was the habit of gaming, which he had adopted, first, for the purpose of relieving him from the languor of inaction, but had since pursued with the ardour of passion. In this occupation he had passed the night with Cavigni, and a party of young men, who had more money than rank, and more vice than either. Montoni despised the greater part of these for the inferiority of their talents, rather than from their vicious inclinations, and associated with them only to make them the instruments of his purposes. Among these, however, were some of superior abilities, and a few whom Montoni admitted to his intimacy; but even towards these he still preserved a decisive and haughty air, which, while it imposed submission on weak and timid minds, roused the fierce hatred of strong ones. Among the few, whom he distinguished, were Bertolini, Orsino, and Verezzi. The first was a man of gay temper, strong passions, dissipated, and of unbounded extravagance, but generous, brave, and unsuspicious. Orsino reserved and haughty; loving power more than ostentation; of a cruel and suspicious temper; quick to feel an injury, and relentless in avenging it; cunning and unsearchable in contrivance, patient and indefatigable in the execution of his schemes. He had a perfect command of feature and of his passions, of which he had scarcely any, but pride, revenge, and avarice; and, in the gratification of these, few considerations had power to restrain him, few obstacles to withstand the depth of his stratagems. Verezzi was a man of some talents, of fiery imagination, and the slave of alternate passions. He was gay, voluptuous, and daring; yet had neither perseverance, nor true courage; and was meanly selfish in all his aims. Quick to form schemes, and sanguine in his hopes of success, he was the first to undertake, and to abandon, not only his own plans, but those adopted from others. Proud and impetuous, he revolted against all subordination; yet those, who were acquainted with his character, and watched the turn of his passions, could lead him like a child.'

I admire, and no one more admires, the singular felicity of Tacitus, in pourtraying the character of Romans, meritorious for their virtue, or infamous for their crimes. Still, let us not narrow the province of Genius. Let British, as well as Roman merit, be applauded. If the critical Latinist examine the features of Sejanus, and of Julius Agricola, described by the ancient historian, and then condescend to inspect the above painting of Montoni and his divan, by a modern novelist, the latter will not be 'utterly contemned.'

Thus, in several numbers, the analysis of a fashionable species of writing has been modestly attempted; and the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe were selected, not only for their priority of excellence, but their general currency. Nor is the introduction of these criticisms a departure from the title, or moral aims of the Lay Preacher. His earlier remarks were calculated as a warn-

ing against the terrors of superstition, and the despotism of fear. Here, he certainly preserved the *costume* of his character. His two last speculations have praised an amiable woman, and a picturesque writer. This is a duty not confined to the critic by profession. The archbishop of York or Canterbury, the episcopalian or nonjuring clergyman, the *Preacher*, regular or *lay*, in giving a literary opinion, neither breaks the tables of the law, nor departs from the character of the priesthood.

On the whole, to close a critique, often imperfect, and, perhaps, always tedious, the modern romance, like certain table delicacies, is at once dangerous and luxurious. The plots of Mrs. Radcliffe terrify and enervate the mind, yet her descriptions may be embodied by the painter, and her periods may soothe the ear of a poet. Pope, in one of his minor poems, has employed the epithet of 'sadly pleasing,' a compound, sufficiently expressive, and which may characterise the brilliant vagaries of our fair romancer. The timid, the tender, the superstitious, will be injured by her 'uncouth cells,' and 'timely parted ghosts, of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless.' But the bold, the gay, the rugged, and the studious, will delight, sometimes, when better employments fail, or tire, to view, with her,

——Those dæmons, that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground.
——And arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak.
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke,
Was never heard, the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

The following poem, which combines truth and poetry, and exhibits the warmth of the author's heart, as well as the fire of his fancy, was addressed, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, to Edmund Burke, when that eloquent statesman first published his "Reflections on the revolution in France."

Why mourns the ingenuous moralist, whose mind
Science has stor'd, and Piety refin'd,
That fading Chivalry displays no more
Her pomp, and stately tournaments of yore?
Lo, when Philosophy and Truth advance,
Scar'd at their frown, she drops her glittering lance;
Round her reft castles the pale ivy crawls,
And sunk and silent are her banner'd halls.

As when far off the golden Evening sails,
And slowly sink the fancy painted vales,
With rich pavillions spread in long array;
So rolls the enchanter's radiant realm away;
So on the sight the parting glories fade,
The gorgeous vision sets in endless shade.
But shall the musing sage for this lament,
Or mourn the wizard's Gothic fabric rent?
Shall he, with fancy's poor and pensive child,
Gaze on his shadowy vales and prospects wild,
With lingering love, and sighing bid farewell
To the dim picture of his parting spell?
No, Burke! thy heart, by juster feelings led,
Mourns for the spirit of high Honour fled:
Mourns that Philosophy, abstract and cold,
Withering, should smite Life's fancy flower'd mould,
And many a smiling sympathy depart,
That grac'd the sternness of the manly heart.

Nor shall the wise and virtuous scan severe
These fair illusions, even to Nature dear.
Though now no more, proud Chivalry recalls
Her tourney's bright, and pealing festivals;
Though now on high her idle spear is hung,
Though time her mouldering harp has half unstrung;
Her milder influence shall she still impart
To decorate, but not disguise the heart;
To nurse the tender sympathies that play
In the short sunshine of life's early way;
For female worth and meekness to inspire
Homage and love, and temper rude desire;
Nor seldom with sweet dreams sad thoughts to cheer,
And half beguile affliction of her tear.

Lo! this her boast, and still, O Burke, be thine
Her glowing hues, that warm, but tempered shine;
While whispers bland, and fairest dreams attend
Thy evening path, till the last shade descend,
So may she soothe, with loftier wisdom's aid,
Thy musing leisure in the silent shade;
And bid poor Fancy, her cold pinions wet,
Life's cloudy skies and beating showers forget.
But can her fairest form, her sweetest song,
Soothe thee, assail'd by calumny and wrong?
Even now thy foes, with louder accents cry,
'Champion of unrelenting tyranny,
At Freedom hast thou aim'd a deadly blow,
And strove, with impious arm, to lay her altars low.'

No, Burke! indignant at the voice we start;
We trust thy liberal views, thy generous heart;
We think of those who, naked, pale, and poor,
Reliev'd and bless'd, have wandered from thy door:
We see thee, with unwearied step, explore
Each track of bloodshed on the farthest shore
Of injured Asia, and thy swelling breast
Harrowing the oppressor, mourning for the oppress'd.

No, Burke! where e'er Injustice rears her head,
Where e'er with blood her idol grim is fed;
Where e'er fell Cruelty at her command,
With crimson banner marches through the land,
And striding, like a giant, onward flies,
While man, a trodden worm, looks up and dies;
Where'er pale Murder in her train appears,
With reeking axe, and garments wet with tears;
Or lowring Jealousy, unmov'd as Fate
Bars fast the prison cage's iron gate
Upon the bury'd sorrows, and the cries
Of him, who there, lost and forgotten lies:
When ministers, like these, in fearful state,
Upon a bloody tyrant's bidding wait,
Thou too shalt own, and Justice lift her rod,
The cause of freedom is the cause of God.

Fair spirit! who dost rise in beauteous pride,
Where proud oppression hath thine arm defy'd;
When, led by virtue, thou dost firm advance,
And bathe in Guilt's warm blood, thy burning lance;
When all thy form its awful port assumes,
And in the tempest shake thy crimson plumes,
I mark thy lofty mien, thy steady eye,
'So fall thy foes,' with tears of joy I cry.

But ne'er may Anarchy, with eyes on flame,
And mien distract, assume thy awful name;
Her pale torch sheds afar its hideous glare,
And shews the blood-drops in her dabbled hair;
The fiends of discord hear her hollow voice,
The spirits of the deathful storm rejoice:
As when the rising blast, with muttering sweep,
Sounds mid the branches of the forest deep;
The sad horizon lowers, the parting sun
Is hid, strange murmurs through the high wood run,
The falcon wheels away his mournful flight,
And leaves the glens to solitude and night;
Till soon the Hurricane, in dismal shroud,
Comes fearful forth, and sounds her conch aloud;
The oak majestic bows his hoary head,
And ruin round his ancient reign is spread;
So the dark fiend rejoicing in her might,
Pours desolation and the storm of night;
Before her dread career the good and just,
Fly far, or sink expiring in the dust;
Wide wastes, and mighty wrecks around her lie,
And the earth trembles at her impious cry.

Whether her temple, wet with human gore,
She thus may raise on Gallia's ravag'd shore,
Belongs to Him alone, and his high will,
Who bids the tempests of the world be still.*

With joy we turn to Albion's happier plain.
Where ancient Freedom holds her temperate reign;
Where Justice sits majestic on her throne;
Where Mercy turns her ear to every groan!
O, Albion! fairest isle, whose verdant plain,
Springs beauteous from the blue and billowy main.
In peaceful pomp, whose glittering cities rise,
And lift their crowded temples to the skies;
Whose navy on the broad brine awful rolls,
Whose commerce glows beneath the distant poles;
Whose streams reflect full many an Attic pile;
Whose velvet lawns in long luxuriance smile;
Amid whose winding coombs Contentment dwells,
Whose vales rejoice to hear the sabbath bells;
Whose humblest shed that steady laws protect,
The villager with wood-bine bowers hath deck'd.
Sweet native land! whose every haunt is dear,
Whose every gale is music to mine ear;
Amid whose hills one poor retreat I sought,
Where I might sometimes hide a saddening thought;
And having wandered far, and mark'd mankind,
In their vain mask, might rest and safety find.
Oh! still may Freedom, with majestic mien,
Pacing thy rocks, and the green vales be seen!
Around thy cliffs, that glitter o'er the main,
May smiling order wind her silken chain;
While from thy calm abodes, and azure skies,
Far-off the fiend of Discord murmuring flies.

To him, who firm thy injured cause has fought,
This humble offering, lo! the Muse has brought;
Nor heed thou, Burke! if, with averted eye,
Scowling, cold Envy may thy worth decry.

It is the lot of man:——the best oft mourn,
As sad they journey through this cloudy bourne;
If conscious Genius stamp their chosen breast,
And on the forehead shew her seal imprest.
Perhaps they mourn, in bleak Misfortune's shade,
Their age and cares with penury repaid;
Their errors deeply scann'd, their worth forgot,
Or mark'd by hard Injustice with a blot.
If high they soar, and mark their distant way,
And spread their ample pinions to the day,
Malignant faction hears with hate their name,
And all her tongues are busy at their fame.

But 'tis enough to hold, as best we may,
Our destin'd track, till sets the closing day;
Whether with living lustre we adorn
Our high sphere, like the radiance of the morn;
Or, whether silent in the shade we move,
Cheer'd by the lonely star of pensive love;
Or whether dark opposing storms we stem,
Panting for Virtue's distant diadem;
'Tis the unshaken mind, the conscience pure,
That bids us firmly act, or meek endure;
'Tis this might shield us when the storm beats hard,
Content, though poor, had we no other guard!*

* These lines were written before the murder of the late King of France, and many of the events of horror, which have since taken place in that miserable country.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GENUINE MEMOIR OF TALLEYRAND.

The following dissertation is, in its original state, from the pen of Charles M. Talleyrand, formerly, but not by the grace of God, a bishop, and now secretary of foreign affairs to Bonaparte. It was read to the National Institute, in its sitting of Germinal 1795, and was thought worthy of a place in the collection of memoirs, published by that body. Talleyrand, previous to its composition, had been a traveller in these states, and was generally taken to be one of those personages whom the *discernment of the French government* had chosen to *disconcert the hopes* of what he is pleased to call the *British party*. His conversation and his conduct were those of a spy; and he has fallen into all the gross errors to which those travellers are liable, whose office does not allow them to correct their speculative notions by strict inquiries of the natives. His essay, in itself, has not the merit, either of profoundness, or ingenuity; when he observes, it is with a strong bias toward a system already made; when he reasons, it is under a dominant partiality for a certain deduction; it is only when he talks of the French interests that he makes himself understood.

The general scope of this essay, and not the sagacity it discovers, has induced me to translate it. It is highly important to know what is thought of us by the influential people of other countries, and of that country especially, whose ambition is limited by no space, and who looks with an individual interest to the condition and

* Milton.

relations of every government upon earth. If it be important to know what are their thoughts, it is still more so to know what are their actions; and no one surely will look without considerable emotion upon so manifest an interference in our political regulations, as is confessed, and even justified, by this minister. To make a foreign nation participate in a war, to attach her commerce, and to influence her politics, by means of a prejudice already existing, are subjects of daily occurrence; but, perhaps, the French are the only people who have dared to plant themselves in distant countries, for the very purposes of proselytism; and, by bribery, intimidation, and wheedling, to excite this prejudice where it did not exist. The French are the only people, who have had the effrontery to boast in their public councils, and public literary institutions, that they had sent a poison into the vitals of a nation, with whom, at the same time, they were at peace.

The first object of this minister is to inspire his countrymen with a contempt of the American character. Our foresters are stupid, our fishermen are slothful, our merchants are avaricious, and all of us are without a country! The only temper, which characterizes us generally, is indifference: an indifference to government, to religion, to every thing but money, which debases our understandings, and annihilates our spirit! We, who are not spies, nor apostate bishops, nor revolutionizing jesuits, know this to be false; we know our woodmen to be bold and intelligent, our fishermen hardy and enterprising, our merchants liberal; and we venerate our common country. A traveller must see the same things; but if it is his business to lie us out of reputation, if he shall be employed to animate his countrymen by the view of our inferiority, and in like manner, as all the French conquests have been prepared, as the Hollanders were said to be dull, the Swiss and Genevese divided, the Italians cowardly, and their defenders mercenary, so we are to be put in a state of preparation for the sword, it behoves us well to appreciate that axiom in French tactics, that the best leader and the worst follower of an army is contempt. The next object is to prove that this contemptible character is, in truth, no character at all, or at best, that, in habits, opinions, and attachments, we are English; and this unquestionably is, to the writer, the most important branch of the memoir. But as the main tendency of his essay is to make us English, it is probable that by 'no character' he means no *peculiar* and *original* character, and, therefore, deems us English where he does not find us any thing else. This branch of the memoir is most important, in the first place, because if we are English, we have parted with our national identity, and there is then an equity in the interference of a third nation, to give her proportional part of the impression, and it is more important in the next place, because if we are English, we have adopted the English hatred of France, and justified her in the extension to us of the bitter animosity she has ever borne to England. This position is false in all its parts. An accurate observer will discover that the affection we bear to England is the affection of a tradesman for that customer who allows him the best profit; it is an affection that is, and always has been in an inverse ratio to the restrictions and limitations of our commerce by that nation; the less they embarass us the more we love them, and we shall discontinue our caresses the instant they terminate their favours. This question has been amply and satisfactorily investigated. The twentieth part, in amount, of that arrogance and spoliation, to which, from the French, we have tamely submitted, would not have been tolerated for a day from Great Britain. The prevailing spirit of our nation has always been a jealousy of that country; it continues to be so; and though thinking men, of all nations, agree to praise her munificence, to extol her justice, to honour her stability, to venerate her wisdom, the cupidity, the injustice, the fickleness, and the folly of France, glossed over with the sickly varnish of patriotism, have always entrapped more admirers in America. Yet the object of the Frenchman, in making the position, is not the less evident. By what plea could a foreign people justify themselves for molesting us? The whole of our military force might stand on the base of an Egyptian pyramid, and, in the character of offenders, would be as harmless as chessmen. Our navy, which it was the pride of a philosopher to anticipate, it is now the wish of the same philosopher to destroy; he would lay it up to dry, like the constitutions of France, in the pigeon-holes of a Washington dock, that the glory and defence of a great people might be the log king of the rats. This, therefore, could be no subject of jealousy. The only unfriendly expression of our countenance is the smile for Great Britain; and when the French subjects are satisfied that it is the smile of a permanent attachment, they have all the provocation which a Frenchman can possibly feel, and all the apology that a Frenchman ever requires. There immediately arises, then, that necessity for "un établissment Français en Amerique, pour lutter contre leur ascendant avec quelque espoir de succès." A French establishment in America, to struggle against the ascendancy of the English, with some hope of success. The memorialist has the audacity to propose it, and we give the essay, and this artfully concealed proposition, to the world, that there may no longer be a pretext for the denial of a French party, hitherto, in this country, who were anxious to imbrue their hands in the blood of our common mother, and to sacrifice her empire at the shrine of jacobinism.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

ON MUSIC.

(Concluded.)

I have somewhere read in an ancient author, that at a feast given by some king, his son astonished and delighted his auditors by his masterly execution on the lyre, and the scientific management of his voice. All the guests loaded him with the most flattering encomiums, except one, whom philosophy had taught better; and who, with a sigh and mournful look, exclaimed, 'Alas! a king's son turned musician!' A proper rebuke for such application sacrificed to a pursuit unworthy of him; and which was so much the more culpable, as his situation required perfection of a nobler kind, by studying how to govern his future subjects with justice and judgment. But the misfortune is, that not only music, but also its professors, are apt to acquire a dangerous, and even fatal influence over the human mind. Many instances I could cite, though I shall content myself with two only, namely, the ascendancy which Rizzio gained over Mary, queen of Scots, and Farinelli over Ferdinand the sixth, King of Spain. Farinelli, indeed, though he excited the jealousy of the grandees, and the ministers of state, effected his retirement to Italy with safety; but poor Rizzio, it cost his life! To this Rizzio, it is said, that Scotland is indebted for the origin of those beautiful Scotch airs, whose simple melody is always delightful; while the learned and chromatic passages, in music, are often heard with languor and *ennui*. Having mentioned the name of Rizzio, it will not be foreign to my subject, to quote a charming stanza, descriptive of his fate; which is to be met with in an ode on Mary queen of Scots, written by an amiable and ingenious *friend, who is also the author of 'The Mine;' both so full of poetical beauties, that they want only to be read, to be admired:

What sadly soothing strain,
What mournful melody hath caught mine ear!
Ah! no more the notes I hear,
The lessening cadence dies along the plain.
Sweet minstrel, whose enchanting art
In ecstacy can lap the heart;
Why hath thy muse advent'rous stray'd
From Doria's stream, and Suza's warbling shade?
In clatt'ring hawberk clad, thro' night's still gloom,
Stern Ruthven fiercely stalks, with haggard mien;
With thund'ring tone proclaims the victim's doom,
And tears her minion from a doating queen.
Thro' the arch'd courts, and storied chambers high,
Loud shrieks of horror ring, and death's expiring cry.

Yet, as the professors are, in general, old enough to take care of themselves, my caution shall be confined to their scholars; and I would advise no parents to leave their daughters alone with their masters; as we have seen not a few examples, in consequence of such inattention of the parents, that

'Tis but a kindred sound to move,
For Music melts the mind to love.

Or, to use the beautiful language of our divine bard:

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

This art, however, when properly restricted, and when it does not degenerate too much into a *study*, is an innocent and useful relaxation; but let not the love of astonishing by rapid execution, for which sentiment, feeling, and expression, are now too often sacrificed, be the scholar's sole pursuit.

It is, indeed, with peculiar regret that I now seldom or never hear the sonatas of Corelli played, as the chastity and dignity of his composition fill the mind with rational and impressive delight: while the rapid and confused movements of the greater part of modern music create a transient surprise, rather than a permanent pleasure; and catch the ear without affecting the heart.

Music the most difficult to be executed is not always the most agreeable: simple melody is often far more captivating; its effects, indeed, on some occasions, are scarcely credible: an instance of this I shall exemplify, by the following extract from Coxe's Letters on Switzerland:

'After dinner some musicians of the country performed the *Renz des Vaches*, that famous air, which was forbidden to be played among the Swiss troops, in the French service; as it awakened in the soldiers such a longing recollection of their native country, that it often produced in them a settled melancholy, and occasioned frequent desertion. The French call this species of patriotic regret, *la maladie du pays*. There is nothing peculiarly striking in the tone; but as it is composed of the most simple notes, the powerful effect of its melody upon the Swiss soldiers is the less surprizing. Nothing, indeed, revives so lively a remembrance of former scenes, as a piece of favourite music, which we were accustomed to hear amid our earliest and dearest connexions: upon such an occasion, a long train of associated ideas will necessarily arise in the

* John Sargent, Esq. of Lavington, in Sussex, member for Seaford.

mind, and, if not totally selfish, melt it into tenderness: to use the language of poetry,

> There is in souls a sympathy with sounds:
> ——————Wherever I have heard
> A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
> And with it all its pleasures, all its pains.
> COWPER'S Task, book vi.

The combination of music and poetry is natural. I have scarcely, indeed, an idea how a soul alive to poetry can be insensible to the charms of melody. Milton was enthusiastically fond of music, and himself a performer and composer. But his music was of the sacred and devotional kind; and his great and comprehensive mind, sensible of the commanding powers of this art, rises to inspiration when music is the subject of his poetical compositions. How grand, how majestic, are the heavenly concerts in his Paradise Lost, which he thus describes:

> Nor think, though men were none,
> That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
> Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
> All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
> Both day and night: how often, from the steep
> Of echoing hill or thicket, we have heard
> Celestial voices, to the midnight air
> Sole or responsive each to other's note,
> Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
> While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
> With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
> In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
> Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

And in another part,

> Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,
> Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side
> Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
> Of charming symphony, they introduce
> Their sacred song, and waken rapture high:
> No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
> Melodious part, such concord is in heaven!

Milton introduces likewise most delightfully the more gentle part of the fallen spirits, flying to the charms of music as a relief from anguish, as a refuge from despair!

> Others, more mild,
> Retreated in a silent valley, sing,
> With notes angelic, to many a harp
> Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
> By doom of battle, and complain that fate
> Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
> Their song was partial, but the harmony
> (What could it less, when spirits immortal sing?)
> Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
> The thronging audience!

Thus too,

> Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbling his native wood-notes wild,

bursts forth in praise of this art, with all the enthusiastic fervour of poetical imagery.

> The man that hath no music in his soul,
> And is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus;
> Let no such man be trusted.

In another passage, preceding this, how beautifully does he allude to heavenly harmony, or, as it is generally called, the music of the spheres!

> How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.—
> Sit, Jessica, look how the floors of heav'n
> Are thick enlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
> There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls.

Dryden, who claims, next to Milton and Shakspeare, our poetical admiration, was fond of music; and had a mind deeply impressed with its fascinating powers. This, indeed, he has displayed with fire and fancy, not inferior to either, in his immortal ode of Alexander's Feast.

As this poem is in every school-boy's mouth, any quotations from it are unnecessary; but as Dryden's other ode on St. Cecilia's day, though containing some striking beauties, is less known, I will transcribe the following sweet extract from it, as being charmingly descriptive of Hebrew music, and its astonishing effects on the enraptured hearers.

> What passion cannot Music raise and quell?—
> When Jubal struck the corded shell,
> His list'ning brethren stood around,
> And wond'ring on their faces fell,
> To worship that celestial sound.
> Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
> Within the hollow of that shell,
> That spoke so sweetly and so well,
> What passion cannot music raise and quell?

And here may I hazard a conjecture why Pope, with all his genius and capacity, so greatly lost himself in *his* ode to St. Cecilia? If I might, I should attribute it to want of sensibility for, and even dislike of music; which I cannot more strongly paint, than by reciting an anecdote communicated to me by an eminent composer still living, who was present at the time. One evening, at a private concert at his friend Dr. Arbuthnot's, the doctor's dog howled; on which Pope exultingly cried, 'you hear, the very dog barks at your music.' 'Yes, answered the composer, he barks, Mr. Pope, because he is a dog.'

Now, as every man must write *least well* on the subject he *least feels*, by Pope's own assertion, which says,

> He *best* can paint it, who can feel it *most*.

I am the less surprised at his failure in his ode to St. Cecilia; yet at the same time we must allow him the candour of acknowledging Handel's transcendant talents, although nature had denied him the means of *feeling* them; for which he is probably indebted to the representations of his amiable friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, who knew Handel, and was able, from his love and knowledge of the art, to appreciate that divine composer's merit.

I allude to the celebrated passage in the fourth book of the Dunciad; and as Pope's truly sublime compliment to Handel is preceded by an allegorical representation of the Italian opera, whose affected airs, luxurious and effeminating sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite tunes, incoherently put together, the poet happily and justly ridicules, I shall give it at length: apprizing my readers, that it is the Goddess of Dulness who is addressed in the following lines.

> When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
> With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
> Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
> In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside;
> By singing peers upheld on either hand,
> She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
> Cast on the prostrate nine a scornful look,
> Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke—
> *O Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:
> Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign!
> My racks and tortures soon shall drive them hence,
> Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense;
> One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
> Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
> To the same notes thy sons shall hum or snore,
> And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore!*
> Another Phebus, thy own Phebus, reigns,
> Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
> But soon, ah! soon rebellion will commence,
> If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
> Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
> Like bold Briareus with a hundred hands;
> To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
> And Jove's own thunder follows Mars's drums:
> Arrest him, empress! or you sleep no more!—
> She heard, and *drove him to the Hibernian shore.

Nor was this the only flattering attention which Pope paid to this great composer; for it was to the joint assistance of Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay, that Handel was obliged for the elegant serenata of Acis and Galatea; a serenata which he has set to music in his very best manner, and in which he has united with science all the exquisite and combined graces of taste, feeling, expression, and spirit.

That many people are not fond of instrumental music, is certain; but how any person can be deaf to the charms of vocal music, is what I cannot comprehend. Instrumental music is the child of art; vocal music the child of nature: and whenever instrumental music is enlivened with what professors call the *cantabile*, it is always the most pleasing, because it is the most natural.

In some countries, vocal music seems ingrafted in the very soul of the natives. This is particularly obvious in Italy, where even the recitation of poetical compositions is a kind of singing. There never was a civilized country in the world where music, and particularly the vocal, has not had, from time immemorial, a wonderful influence. The odes of Pindar are admired by the learned, when read at this day; but how must their effect have been heightened by the voice, when they were sung! In more modern times, the songs of different countries have carried all before them.

I have already alluded to the celebrated Swiss air of *Renz des Vaches*, and in England I hear, with redoubled pleasure, especially in the present times, the popular air of GOD SAVE THE KING, which so warmly animates all ranks of people, and, while it reminds us of preserving our loyalty unsullied, incites us to oppose, with our fortunes and lives, all attempts to subvert our happy constitution.

Decency and propriety in every kind of music, whether vocal or instrumental, must above every other consideration, be attended to, or our morals must inevitably suffer; but if necessary in the ordinary societies of life, how extremely culpable must it be to neglect them both, when music is combined with devotion!

The more than impropriety of light church music, Pope forcibly reprobates when he says,

> Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
> Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.

A useful hint to many of our modern organists, whose voluntaries are not of the most serious or devotional cast. It was after a voluntary of this sort, that the following observation was made by a Quaker, who having some business with a person that was gone to his parish-church, followed him thither, and staid till the service was over. On seeing *the friend*, the other, on coming out of church, asked him 'how he liked our mode of worship?' to which the Quaker drily answered, 'it is a *merry* one, if it be but the *right* one.'

I profess myself to be very partial to the cathedral service; and feel my devotion more warm and animated,

> When thro' the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

But then the service must be performed with due solemnity, or the effect is lost. And here I must particularly object to the monotonous and nasal psalm singing in some of our parochical

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* To the disgrace of the national taste of that time, Handel first performed his oratorio the Messiah, before a London audience, without success: he then carried it with him to Dublin; where, as much to the honour of the Irish, it was received with unbounded admiration and applause.

churches; and lament that this part of our public worship, which is considered as extremely essential every where abroad, should continue to be so shamefully neglected at home. Bath, however, is a striking exception; as I do not know any city, in our island, where chaunting and psalm-singing are so much attended to; where every part of the church duty is better performed, and where devotion, notwithstanding the dissipation of the place, is more assisted and called forth. But, to hear church-music in its highest perfection, the lovers of this style must go to Rome; where, in the Pope's chapel, it is executed by a great number of voices, so strictly in unison with each other, that the aid of instruments is rendered unnecessary; and the general effect which it produces is strikingly awful and sublime: and this especially is the case, when some of the select compositions of the *old masters* are performed; for even Tartini, in his Treatise on Music, confesses, that there are some of them so full of gravity, majesty, and sweetness, united with the most perfect musical simplicity, that the modern composers, with all their labour and study, could scarcely equal them. Tartini, however, though an Italian, would now find but few advocates for that old fashioned preference among our lovers of Italian music; yet I predict that the period will arrive when we shall revert to the old school, and, quitting the meagre trash of the greater part of the modern composers, cling again to Handel and good sense.

I have now exhausted every idea and observation that occur to me on this subject, and perhaps, too, by the length of my letter, have exhausted your patience also; I shall, therefore, hasten to conclude it: and I cannot do this with more effect, than by transcribing, from the travels of the younger Anacharsis, (a work that does infinite honour to its author, the Abbé Barthelemy), a passage which I must ever admire for its moral tendency; and which, when it is considered that the reflections are drawn from Aristotle, is surprizingly apposite to the present taste, and the present times.

'Lysis shall be versed in every species of harmony, but esteem such only as may have an influence on his manners. For, notwithstanding its depravation, music is still capable of giving us some useful lessons. Those laboured performances, those songs, the merit of which consists only in the difficulty of execution, and which formerly were mere matter of admiration at our exhibitions, but now form the constant exercise of our children, shall never fatigue my pupil. I will put some intsruments into his hands, on condition of his never becoming such a proficient as his master. I wish his leisure moments, if he has any, to be agreeably filled up by select music, which may prove a recreation from his labours, instead of increasing them; and moderate his passions, should he be possessed of too much sensibility. I wish him, in a word, always to retain in mind this maxim—that music calls us to pleasure; philosophy to virtue; but that it is by pleasure and virtue, united, that nature calls us to happiness.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following is an extract of a letter from an absent husband. It may in some of your readers strike a congenial chord. HARLEY.]

When I consider every situation through which we have passed together—When I look back upon the past, and forward to the future, I am equally lost in mingled sensations of pleasure, of solicitude, of hope. Pleasure, to any one so intimately acquainted with your virtues as I have been, is a feeling perfectly natural: Solicitude is the lot of all earthly beings, and will sometimes intrude, even into the abode of happiness: but hope, the sweet consoler, is always near to whisper that we shall be as happy as we have been—happier in this world, we cannot be.

I am at a loss how to conclude this letter. To say farewel has been repeated 'till it is become stale. To call down the blessings of the Almighty, is only praying for that, which the justice of heaven is concerned to see performed. Then, my dearest friend, let me say no more, than that I have the *honour*, the *happiness* to be,

Your affectionate husband,

* * * * * * * * * * *

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[We presume that those in our own country, who, in the words of Mr. BURKE, are so many "moles, nuzzling and *burying* themselves in their *mother earth*," can derive no advantage from the perusal of the following memoir of a subterraneous swindler. But for the information of foreigners, we publish a new grovelling scheme to acquire vast wealth, such as many *horse jockies*, and *felons* have attained, by acts, similar to those of Withers.]

A medical view of the ninety days subterraneous residence of the person who lately made an attempt on the South Carolina Bank. Extracted from Dr. David Ramsay's Charleston Medical Register for 1802, just published.

On the night of the 9th of October, 1802, William Withers, a horse dealer from Kentucky, descended through a grate into one of the covered arched drains, that pervade the streets of Charleston, and passed along the same, till he was opposite the South Carolina Bank. He then began operations, to make a subterraneous passage across from the drain to the vaults, in which the cash of the bank was deposited. In prosecuting this business, he passed ninety days and nights under ground, and in a prone posture. For the first twenty-two days after his descent, it was so uncommonly warm, as to be on an average nearly seventy-nine. For the last sixty-eight days, the heat varied from seventy-four to thirty-three. In the first period, yellow fever, intermitting, and other fevers of warm seasons, were common among the inhatants. In the last period, pleurisies, colds and catarrhal complaints, were, in like manner, frequent; yet, all this time, Withers enjoyed good health, with exceptions of a few slight headaches and pains in his bones, which generally went off with perspiration in the course of his next repose. His situation, in the drain, was distressing; but it was tolerable after passing through it, he was surrounded with earth. He had no blanket, nor covering of any kind, but his light ordinary apparel, which he never put off. His usual time of sleeping was when he judged it to be day from the noise he heard over his head. His signal for recommencing work, was the receipt of provisions, dropped by his accomplices, in the night, through a grate. He was some time exposed to serious danger from the springing of water; and his bed was earth, which was often damp. His food was mostly bread, butter, and cheese, and (with the exception of one bottle of wine) water was his only drink. Butter burning in a lamp afforded him light.

Three days frequently passed without discharging the contents of his bowels.

The enjoyment of so much health, for so long a time, under such circumstances, was, in part, probably owing to the following causes:

I. A strong constitution, inured to hardships in every period of his life.

II. That constitution suited to the air of Charleston, by a very recent seasoning. He had but just recovered from a severe fever, when he entered the drain. Though relapses are not uncommon, yet a new and distinct fever scarcely ever attacks strangers in the same summer, in which they receive their first serious impressions from our climate.

III. The effects of moisture, must have been in a great degree parried by his labour, and the moisture itself moderated by the dry sandy nature of the soil, through which he had to work, and by the absence of rain: For the first fifty days after his descent, the whole quantity of rain that fell, did not amount to two-tenths of an inch; and in the last forty, was only five inches eight tenths; besides simple moisture, without heat, or miasmata, is comparatively harmless.

IV. The absence of several of the exciting causes of diseases. The heat of well water, and of the earth, a few feet below the surface, is generally the same in all countries, as the medium heat on an average of the different seasons in these countries respectively. This, in Charleston, is sixty-five, or at most sixty-six on Farenheit's thermometer. Withers must have enjoyed a steady, unvarying atmosphere of this temperature, while the inhabitants above ground were panting under a heat of eighty, or distressed with the cold of thirty-three, and subject to all the changes of an atmosphere, vibrating from one extreme to the other. That something in the air of Charleston, which is so destructive to strangers in the summer and autumn is too volatile to descend below the surface. Miners, and colliers in all countries are generally healthy.

The experiment is not recommended; but it is probable, that a subterranean residence might be so constructed, as to afford security against our local diseases.

The great excitement of Withers' mind from the prospect of accumulating wealth, must have counteracted the effects, that otherwise would naturally have resulted from his situation. The energies of human nature, when in pursuit of a great object, (especially if invigorated with the hope of obtaining it) are beyond all calculation. The weakly wife and the tender mother, will undergo watchings and fatigues in nursing the objects of their affection, far beyond the power of human nature to bear, when in a state of indifference. The high toned state of Withers' mind must have had a decided influence in preserving his health: It is much to be regretted that it had not been excited by worthy objects.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Continuation of the History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, from the year 1748, to 1765:—with an introductory sketch of events from its original settlement.—By George Richards Minot, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. VOL. II. Boston, printed for James White and Co. proprietors, by Manning and Loring, June, 1803.

The transactions related in the 6th chapter, are in themselves perhaps the most important, that are recorded in this History—But, as at the time of their occurrence, there was no circumstance which announced that magnitude, which they afterwards derived from their consequences, they are not distinguished by any peculiar interest in the narrative—The Peace of 1763 whatever opinions it might occasion among the People of England, was in every respect satisfactory to the Colonies in North-America, and became a subject of warm congratulation between the Governor and general Court in Massachusetts—Yet the passions which had been excited by those disputes, related in the former chapter had not subsided

nor was there time allowed after the Peace for them to die away—Mr. Grenville's plan for raising a revenue from the Colonies by internal taxation, and in particular by a stamp-act, was brought forward the same year, and the principles upon which he founded it, met but little opposition in a Parliament, who were called upon to relieve their own Constituents by burdening the distant, and unrepresented Americans. On the other hand the Massachusetts House of Representatives manifested their opposition to these measures, even while in embryo; and they drew instructions to their Agent in England to support this opposition on the ground of their Colonial and chartered rights. These instructions were for the time indeed arrested in the hands of a Committee. But the first seeds of an Union with the other Colonies were sown by the choice of a Committee "to write to their governments in the recess, acquaint them with the instructions, and desire the several Assemblies to join them in the same measures."

In 1764. The Act for raising a revenue in the Colonies was pass'd, and the expediency of a Stamp-Act, was determined by a Resolution of Parliament. The act for this purpose was however postponed until February 1765. The causes of this eventful system are thus accounted for by Mr. Minot.

"As this act for raising a revenue in America was the great mistake, by which the Colonies were lost to great-Britain, it will be worth the research to ascertain the causes from which it arose. These were without doubt derived principally from the pressure of the national debt at the conclusion of the war, and an ignorance of the most effectual mode of drawing the aid of the Plantations to the relief of the mother Country, or an impatience inconsistent with the pursuit of it; but the interests and passions of particular classes of men and of individuals were exceedingly operative in this great event, as will appear, from a view of the principles and conduct of the acting parties. The advocates for taxing America may be considered in two divisions, one in that Country, and the other in England. Both agreed to establish the right of Parliament to levy taxes; but their views as to the mode of raising and finally appropriating them were different. The minister was desirous of receiving them through the Exchequer; the royal party in America was for collecting and expending them here. Some however were for dividing the spoil, by leaving the external taxes to the minister, and keeping the internal at home."—

After detailing at some length the various arguments and opinions of the two parties as they were urged and circulated at the time, the author proceeds to relate the objections stated, and the measures adopted by the House of Representatives in opposition to the new system of the British Cabinet. The instructions to their agent, which had been smothered in the hands of a Committee at the last session, were now brought forward again, warmed with additional vigour, adopted together with a brief State of the rights of the Colonies, and entered upon their Journals. They also chose a Committee to correspond in the recess with the other Governments, and request their co-operation. Mr. Minot's reflections upon these proceedings, deserve notice.

"The resolutions adopted by the House of Representatives at the present session, and particularly that which invited the other Colonies to associate in their opposition to the ministerial system of revenue, constituted an important leading measure in the revolution of the country. It was a declaration of rights, and a proclamation of political war between the patriots and the friends of the British government in Massachusetts. The bold and oppressive act of Parliament, which was about to come in force, and the still more oppressive and impolitic scheme of the threatened Stamp-Act prepared the minds of the merchants at first, and afterwards of the inland inhabitants for the unequivocal opposition which was to be expected to parliamentary authority. Yet this opposition was not so ripened as to enable the patriotic party to gain such a victory by the mere strength of their superiority in numbers. Address was found to be necessary in the defence, as it had been frequently used in the attack upon the rights of the Colonists: and the advantage of opportunity perhaps gave them their ascendancy at this juncture. The instructions were passed at the last day but one of the session; and the management of Mr. Hutchinson was evaded by his previously going upon the circuits, accompanied by some of the members of the same opinions with himself, whilst others had withdrawn to their several towns."

The General Court was adjourned the 18th of June, and did not meet again until the 18th of October; the Governor having repeated his prorogations as long as he could with safety, and until it had given occasion to violent clamours.—In the recess a full opportunity was "given for the measures of Parliament to operate upon the public mind"—And this operation is described, with an accuracy of observation, and an elegance of expression which are in the author's happiest manner.

"No people were better instructed in the nature of their rights than those of Massachusetts. The nation, from which they descended, stood distinguished in Europe for its exemption from many restraints upon liberty, which the others continued to endure. Its laws had been gradually disentangled from most of the galling fetters imposed by feudal tenures, whilst they resisted with considerable effect the principles of the Roman code. Commerce had ameliorated the fastidious pride of the military spirit; and industrious enterprize raised herself by the side of national glory. Her foundation was freedom, and her success depended upon an unremitting vigilance and decided suppression of tyranny. Emanating from such enlightened policy, and partaking of all its rapid subsequent improvements, the British Colonists may be said to have been instructed in the wisest age, and in the most perfect political principles which the world had known. Their emigration, taken in all its circumstances, was without precedent. It consequently produced new cases, founded on unsettled principles, at every stage of its advancement. In the beginning they were considered as no part of the realm, in the view of the Constitution; and held their charters of the King as his liege subjects. When the Parliament participated of the sovereignty, the Colonies, becoming the dominions of the realm, were made liable to its laws. These were acknowledged, until they were grounded on the violation of that great maxim of British freedom, that taxation and representation were correlative. We have seen with what expertness, understanding and fortitude the people of Massachusetts managed these questions in defence of their charter, and the various incidental disputes, which took place with their governors, and in some instances, with the Council. To their information upon constitutional points, and acuteness in controversy, their local situation compelled them to add the strictest frugality in the expenditure of public money. Rich in freedom, and strong by industry, they were compelled by a reluctant soil to the unremitting exercise of the one in order to preserve the other. From wealth they could receive little assistance: trade, which regulates the current of money, was carried on at the will of the parent Country; and she restricted the extent of it by the supplies of her manufactures, which her accommodation might dictate to be sent to the Colonies. In the chance of a war, invitations arose for greater commercial enterprize; but the gains were dearly purchased with the introduction of luxury, which by increasing the artificial wants of the inhabitants, left the balance against the country on the whole. To a people thus situated a tax was instantly and universally felt. It was a demand for the food and the raiment of the poor; it pervaded the recesses of frugal contentment: it awakened the jealousy of inquisitive speculation: it roused the anger of liberty."

Such were the sentiments prevailing among the people, at the time when the General Court assembled in October 1764. The House of Representatives, warmed with the same feelings, agreed to an address to the king upon the subject of the obnoxious act: But Thomas Hutchinson, then lieutenant governor of the Province, and a member of the Council, the leader and soul of the ministerial party, by his influence over the branch of the legislature to which he belonged, and his address and management with the other, finally prevailed so far that the address to the king was converted into a petition to the House of Commons, and all the ardour of its spirit evaporated; it became a tame and insipid application for a continuance of the Colony's privileges, as a matter of favour, with a frigid appeal to the interests of Britain herself, on the probable balance of her profit and loss to result from the projected plan of taxation. Yet feeble and nerveless as this petition was, Hutchinson, who had an eye to the chair, was solicitous to apologize for the share he had taken in obtaining it, and in his letters to England took care to display the effect and to make interest for the reward of his services. Mr. Minot, notices the natural effect of all this, beyond the Atlantic.

"The proceedings at this session shew how extremely difficult it was for the British ministry to obtain just information of the spirit and views of the Colonists, if it were the subject of real inquiry. Their representatives were made to speak a language far short of their alarms, and to place their rights upon little better footing than that of indulgence. The mode in which this was brought about, it was the interest of the agents to misrepresent or conceal. Party spirit prevailed, and it is not wonderful that the affairs of America should be seen through its false medium, fixing objects in a wrong point of view by refracting them from the line of truth; and instead of an exact image presenting a distorted and delusive figure to the eye of the transatlantic spectator."

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

Paris, October 3, 1776.

Dear Sir,

Since my last, in which I mentioned the king of P—a, I have obtained a method of sounding that monarch's sentiments more directly through another channel, which voluntary offering, I have accepted, and, therefore, wave writing on the subject, for the present, any thing, save that you may undoubtedly serve the United States of America most essentially in this affair in a few weeks from this. The attention to my business here, which is not merely political, but partly commercial, the critical situation of affairs at this court, and the anxious suspence for the events at New-York and Canada have actually fixed me here, and having received no intelligence, for some time past, has well nigh distracted me. I have, however, favourable prospects, and the most confirmed hopes of effecting my views in Europe.

I am too much engaged to say more in this, and will be more particular in my next. My kindest respects to your good lady, and believe me to be, on my own account, as well as on my country's, your much obliged, and very humble servant,

SILAS DEANE.

—

Paris, October 6, 1776.

Sir,

Yours of the first instant I received, and observe the contents. Mr. Lee is returned to London. I have not seen Mr. Ellis. In answer to your queries—first, a reconciliation between Great Britain and the United States of America, is improbable ever to take place; it is absolutely impos ible, until after the sitting of Parliament. Secondly. Admiral Howe joined his brother early in August, sent on shore to General Washington a letter, which was returned unopened, as no title was given to Gen. Washington; a second was sent, and met the same fate. The congress justified the general in his conduct, and ordered him to receive no letters, except they were directed to him with his proper title. Lord Howe sent to the governors of several colonies his proclamation, which, by the army and people of New-York, was treated with contempt and ridicule. Thus matters continued until the 20th of August, when General Howe had collected his whole force, and was preparing to attack New-York. On the other side, all the eminences and advantageous posts, near the city, were secured and fortified, and the Americans strongly entrenched on them. The city of New-York fortified with batteries, next the water, and all the principal streets with batteries across them, and, at the same time, the houses filled with combustibles, ready to be set on fire, should the city be found untenable. The two men of war, which had passed up the river, above the city, were returned, terribly damaged by attacking a battery; this, in a word, was the state of affairs at New-York, on the 20th of August, from which important news may be expected every hour. 3dly. I know what Dr. Franklin's sentiments were, when I left America, and that nothing but a miracle could convert him to wish for an accommodation on other terms, than the independence of the colonies. Depend upon it, my good friend, the ministry of Great Britain, labour incessantly to propagate stories of an accommodation; for it is well known they despair of reducing the colonies, by arms, this campaign; at the close of which the national debt will amount to nearly one hundred and fifty millions sterling, part of which will remain unfunded, and where are their resources for supporting the next campaign? He, that can discover the philosopher's stone, can answer. To your fourth query you will excuse my answering more, than that your conjecture is not far out of the way. My letter of the third will inform you why I must still delay sending what I promised you the 14th ultimo. In the meantime, sir, you may add, to indigo and rice, tobacco, logwood, redwood, sugar, coffee, cotton and other West India produce, which pass thro' the hands of the North Americans, in payment for their supplies to the West India islands, which cannot exist without their produce. Also, in course of trade, spermaceti oil and salt fish may be supplied to Prussia and Germany as cheap, or cheaper, from the colonies, than from Holland; in return, we want linnens and woolens of every kind, steel, cutlery, lead, powder, tin, and a great variety of articles from Prussia, Holland, and Germany. The united colonies exported to Europe, chiefly, indeed, to Great Britain, fish, oil, whalebone, spermaceti, furs, and peltry of every kind, masts, spars, and timber, pot and pearl ashes, flax seed, beef, pork, butter and cheese, horses and oxen; to the West Indies chiefly, wheat flour, bread, rye, Indian corn, lumber, tobacco iron, naval stores, bee's wax, rice and indigo, &c. &c. to the amount of more than four million pounds sterling annually, for some years past, and received their pay in European manufactures, and when I remind you that the inhabitants of that country double their number every twenty years, and inform you that this exportation has increased, for the last century, in the same ratio, you will be able to form some idea of this commerce, and of how much importance it is to Europe. I hope, by the coming post, to send you some favourable news for America, and I may not add to this without missing the post. I am, with the most sincere esteem, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

SILAS DEANE.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBITUARY.

Died, lately, in the city of Baltimore, of a lingering hectic, 'The *Patriot*,' a zealous, though a misguided journal, devoted for a time, to the service of the first consul of Maryland, Mr. Samuel Smith and his family connexions; but having once, in an evil hour, dared to think and speak the honest language of an unshackled mind, on a question of city police, in which was involved the interest of a distant relative of the consul; patronage hastily deserted the establishment; its early friends and supporters withdrew the paltry aid of annual subscription; calumny raised its voice against the proprietor; "his breath doors of life, on a sudden, were shut—and he died" just as a poor, as a lean democrat.

Then ponder well, ye needy, servile gang,
No choice remains, but to obey, or hang.

—

BIRTH.

The sixth day of July, two days after the fervid celebration of the anniversary of American independence, gave birth to a paper, in the town of Newburyport, in the state of Massachusetts, whose initial numbers presage future usefulness and powerful aid to the cause of Truth and Federalism. Youth, in the person of its editor, and Beauty, in the type materials and execution, presided at the natal hour of the New-England Repertory; as it advances in age its fair proportions will gradually expand and acquire strength; and each faithful sponsor of Federalism, who contributes to the multiplication of the pages of the Repertory, has a pledge in the character and talents of Dr. JOHN PARK, its Editor, that his calculations for profitable amusement from that source will not be disappointed. Let the clear fountain waters, which swell the streams of the Merrimack, glide smoothly by the favoured town, where the Editor has fixed his abode; and may a genial soil, in concert with commercial opulence, amply remunerate the arduous toil of this juvenile labourer in the vineyard of Federalism.

—

INTERESTING DECISION.

In the case of *David Denniston* vs. *Dennis Cole*, both of the county of Orange, the defendant having been arrested and held to bail in the sum of 480 dollars, cited the plaintiff before his honour Judge Gardner, to shew cause of action. The plaintiff, in the usual manner, made out his affidavit; but Fisk, counsel for defendant, objected to Mr. Denniston's oath, on the score of his principles, having understood that he neither believed in a Supreme Being nor in a future state of rewards and punishments. The plaintiff was then asked by the court on these two points; to the first he said he did believe in a Supreme Being; the second question he declined answering—By the Court; the oath cannot be taken—let the defendant be discharged from the arrest on stilling common bail—Ross for plaintiff, Fisk for defendant.

—

Since the kingdom of Great-Britain has reassumed her martial attitude, it is conjectured, with some degree of confidence, that the ex-premier Pitt will again direct the affairs of government. His mighty mind is supposed to be better fitted, to lead the Nation to success and glory, than that of the milder Addington. She will need a pilot of known experience, fruitful in resources, and unappalled by political tempests. We cannot but breathe our warm aspirations for her success, not however so far as the entire destruction of France as a government. This we do not believe is wished for even by the British administration, but sufficiently so to stem the torrent of French principles, and paralyse the efforts of disorganizing men. So far we cordially bid them, God speed. The immense navy of this island we think equal to oppose invasion, and at the same time act offensively. If Neptune ever grounds his trident, it is undoubtedly upon this favourite spot.

"This isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main
He quarters to his blue hair'd deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms."

[*Framers' Museum.*

—

The papers in various parts of the United States seem to be inundated with toasts and sentiments given on the 4th July. In the Connecticut Courant, the proceedings at Plymouth together with the toasts are published, *verbatim et literatim*, as they were sent to the press by one of the democrats who was present. The following is a correct specimen:—

May the Independance of the United States be acnowledged By all Nations and duly Supported by our *one*.

Agrecultur: Commerce and Manufactaries.

Religeon and Sciants—may it banish Infidelity Superstishon and ignorence from the Earth.

[*ib.*

SELECTED POETRY.

THE DISBANDED SUBALTERN.

(*Concluded.*)

Can I forget, with emulation fir'd,
When my steps led them, and my mirth inspir'd,
How the men strove, with tale or carol gay,
To smooth the destin'd labour of the way;
Proud to divert, and grateful to my care,
How oft they vied th' approving laugh to share,
While the joke feign'd to seek a comrade's ear
Was told just loud enough for me to hear.
See o'er yon brow, the goal of our desires,
Extend at ev'ry step its length'ning spires,
While youth and age, the trader and the clown,
Sally to meet us from the desert town;
While many a lovely maiden trips along,
(Theme of the mercer's toast, or curate's song)
And hailing our approach with cheerful smiles,
Glances inspiring ardour through the files.
Full many a furlong have I trac'd unseen
The comely serjeant's military mien,
His port erect, his firm, commanding air,
The hoary honours of the well-club'd hair,
His furr-coned helmet worn with studied grace,
The plumage waving o'er his burnish'd face,
The well-expanded sash of varied dye,
Whose fringe rode graceful on his manly thigh,
The well-clean'd belts which cross'd his ample breast,
His strutting chitterlin, and snowy vest;
Sweeets which alone the wedded soldier proves,

The darling labour of the girl he loves.
When (as we march'd the gazing croud among)
He caught th' applauding murmurs of the throng.
I saw his mien elate with honest pride,
I saw him woo the glance from side to side,
With more expressive note his ready feet
Responsive echo'd the drum's cheerful beat,
Stern glanc'd his eye, full rose his swelling chest.
And all the martial coxcomb stood confest.

In times of yore, when laden with renown,
Our war-worn Knights, within their native town,
Heard with due praise their martial prowess told,
And liv'd in liberal splendour uncontroll'd,
Where yon old mansion opes its friendly gate
Sir Authur dwelt in hospitable state,
There the sirloin his Sunday table crown'd,
There flow'd his mead in copious draughts around,
In the rude majesty of many years
Its front immense the wild old structure rears,
But, fall'n its pride! the sable clouds which rise,
Curling their spiral eddies to the skies,
The ballustrade which o'er the portal bends,
The branching sign which o'er the street extends,
The crouded gate, the bar-bell's tinkling din,
Speak to our wish the warm and welcome inn.
The laden soldier hears that word at last
Which speaks the labour of the morning past,
While his quick step and bright'ning eye confess
Th' anticipation of a savoury mess.
The servant now, to chalk his master's door,
Springs o'er the crazy gallery's bending floor;
The rosy landlord, with demeanour big,
Adjusts the silver honours of his wig,
That wig curtail'd by sly display to deck
The well-contrasted collops of his neck;
The busy bar with speed he now forsakes,
And his high station at the window takes,
Whence, while the proffer'd colours claim his care,
He courts the sacred trust with conscious air.

Need I relate what various pleasure crown
The listless saunter round the busy town,
When dress, at whose approach pale langour flies,
With lenient hand, refreshing aid supplies
And kindly frees us from the miry load
Of which our passing steps had robb'd the road.
Eager to cheat an anxious hour of fast,
The doom'd forerunner of our wish'd repast
Nor void of hope the far fam'd toast to meet
With lounging step we trace some unknown street,
With heart unconsious, but attentive eye,
Returning careless, as we pass her by,
The lovely milliner's habitual wile,
Her ogle transient, or spontaneous smile.

Our homely dinner careless health approves,
And appetite, stern labour's offspring, loves,
And oft the twice-told stories of the day
The circling flask's progressive course delay.
At length in sleep's refreshing arms we find
That balmy rest which woos the vacant mind,
Where toil bestows a slumber so profound
It starts reluctant at the Troop's rude sound,
These scenes (too soon to cease!) whose magic pow'r
On mirth's light pinions lists the fleeting hour,
E'en when my soul shall have forgot to feel
Shall o'er my torpid breast in pity steal
And kindly bid me know, before I die,
The luxury of one remaining sigh.
While thus, my friend, in artless rhyme I sing
What fond regret from former joys shall spring,
Deem not I range in fancy's wilds alone;
Tho' strong the sway these wayward feelings own.

You knew Tennaile, who occupied of late
The snug brick house which fronts our paddock gate,
The best of Kings hath mark'd his soldiers claim,
And amply recompens'd his martial fame,
And now that scene of many a frolic gay,
His former dwelling, owns another's sway.
The veteran's venerable form you knew,
His clime-chang'd countenance, and slender queue,
His golden brow with silver tresses fring'd,
His cheek with vigour's parting blushes ting'd,
His eye where still youth's wav'ring blaze remain'd,
The darling scar which still his lip retain'd,
His beaver which from fields of deathless fame
Had borne its princely master's honour'd name,*
His splendid Sunday waistcoat, which of yore
On many a well-disputed day he wore.
Nor have you miss'd, in martial order plac'd,
The trophied arms which erst his parlour grac'd.
Oft have I stol'n from home a truant boy
To hear of Dettingen, and Fontenoy,
Of artful ambuscades, of stern alarms,
And prowess highly-fam'd in deeds of arms,
While the lime punch, or justly-boasted ale,
At stated intervals have cross'd the tale.
Now sadly glancing on his votive sword,
(While rebel feeling check'd the rising word)
Thus would he say—"Till all subduing death
Shall claim the tribute of my latest breath,
Ne'er shall my soul forget the fatal hour
When the hard hand of unrelenting power
Sign'd an obdurate order to disband,
And drove me wretched from rever'd command.
"I love the vacant heart which mocks at toil,
And welcomes danger with a careless smile.
Whose roar of laughter spurns dull Wisdom's law,
And finds its frequent object in a straw.
Such once possess'd the files which once I led,
Such the brave friends with whom I fought and bled.
How strong the chain which mutual peril binds,
(Tho' soft it's shackles press) o'er social minds!
How warm the love a good commander shares
Who courts distinction by the toil he bears!
"E'en now I feel that mute respect impart
Its wonted joys, which springing from the heart
Sits in the corner of the watchful eye
To hail the lov'd commander passing by:
For such display'd the files which once I led,
Such the brave friends with whom I fought and bled.
I saw those friends in fruitless sorrow mourn,
From mirth, society, subsistence torn;
Their mien no more display'd war's dreadful charms,
In fallen plight they pil'd their long lov'd arms.
"When on the morning of that fatal day,
Doom'd the degrading pageant to display,
The gaudy band, with countenance dismay'd,
Stood ready form'd upon their last parade,
And the neat drummers waited the command,
Their eyes intent upon their Major's hand;
On my spontoon in listless mood reclin'd,
I woo'd the grief which sooth'd my sadden'd mind.
The last sad troop beat off—the mournful roll
Burst like a torrent o'er my torpid soul:
The cheerless fife in melancholy swell
Sung to my heart opprest a sad farewell:
The brisk salute all anxious to display
When the respectful centry thwarts my way,
His care unnotic'd may I turn aside,
And wound with cool neglect his honest pride.
If the last cadence of a sound so dear
Had not disgrac'd me with a coward tear,
But that the soldier swelling in my breast,
In painful victory that tear repress'd."
Our veteran thus—and while a transient glow
Hail'd his past joy, or mourn'd his former woe,
Fir'd with his ardour, check'd with his dismay
Sad when he sorrow'd, with his pleasure gay,
A young enthusiast, of untemper'd zeal,
I taught my restless soul with his to feel;
For fancy then display'd her wily charms,
And frequent woo'd me to her syren arms;
And fancy still, all anxious to deceive,
With specious art endears those scenes I leave;
But while her all seducing lay she sings,
Or wafts me heedless on Icarian wings,
A matron grave, yet mild, serene, yet gay,
With unimpassion'd accent seems to say—
"Submit, fond youth, to reason's sober rule,
And weigh the maxims of her honest school.
"What tho' thy steps the fabler fancy lead
Thro' twilight grove, or flow'r bespangled mead,
Where to the tawny cliff the woodbine clings,
Where brawls the brook, or where the linnet sings,
Where its brown breast the barren heath uprears,
Where the lone tow'r in gloomy state appears,
Where, on the shapeless mountain's shaggy side,
Vast clouds in magic varied volumes ride;
While Sloth, delights to clothe the rolling storm
With many a wayward, wild, fantastic form;
Yet, yet her lov'd society forego,
Her charms betray to indolence, and woe,
And with her dwells disgust, with sated eye,
Born of the baffled hope which soar'd too high:
Led by her wiles the bubbled mind pursues
Ideal objects, and chimeric views,
And scowls, with all the peevish pride of spleen,
On common life's cold, trifling, tasteless scene;
Yet as (enfeebled by her syren strain)
It shrinks from labour's salutary pain,
That scene despis'd shall cross it's listless hours,
And boldly claim its unexerted powers;
For know this truth, by care-worn Sloth confest,
Who knows not toil, can never taste of rest.

"The partial retrospect no more pursue
Which the fair fabler offers to thy view,
No more in idle dreams of airy joy,
Destin'd to nobler ends, thy time employ;
Assume the robe, the sage decrees explore,
Turn with due care the nightly volume o'er,
The heavy curse of indolence forego,
And all its sad variety of woe."
Sage is the counsel! with attentive ear,
And due respect, each well weigh'd word I hear;
And thou dear image, who with ceaseless pow'r
Presid'st supreme o'er ev'ry vacant hour,
Who, when the taper's half extinguish'd fire
From scenes of dissipation bids retire,
Deign'st on my pillow thy sad vigil keep,
And claim one dear, tho' painful, hour from sleep;
Who, o'er the morn her faintest gleam bestows,
Dispel'st the remnant of disturb'd repose,
O give to Reason's voice redoubled force,
And urge my steps in labour's straining course:
Come with that form, where I was wont to trace
Spontaneous elegance, and active grace;
Glance with that eye, in whose unconsious ray,
Strong, glowing genius ever lov'd to play;
Be to my sight that heav'nly mien display'd,
Which native truth, and artless sense pervade,
Where the mild beams of melting pity shine,
Where courage, softness, mirth, and thought combine,
To mend with glowing touch cold beauty's line;
And with that voice which still I seem to hear,
(Though long the space since last it blest my ear!)
In gentlest accents tell me, that when Fate
Shall crown my toil with pow'r, with wealth, and state,
Perhaps my vows may less unworthy prove
The maid whose angel form in thee I love:
Say that the cruel doubts which now surround
My care-worn heart, in transport shall be drown'd;
That doom'd no more, within my tortur'd breast,
To hide the mining pang which murders rest,
My haughty soul shall to the world proclaim
That taste in love, which to profess is fame.

* The Cumberland hat.

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